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A MEMORIAL &c.  
OF  
MISS MARY M<sup>c</sup> OWAN.  
*Price. 9<sup>d</sup>*

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**A MEMORIAL**  
**OF THE**  
**GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,**  
**AS EXHIBITED IN**  
**THE LIFE AND DEATH**  
**OF**  
**MISS MARY M'OWAN;**

**WHO EXCHANGED A STATE OF SUFFERING FOR IMMORTAL  
GLORY,**

**TUESDAY, APRIL 26TH, 1842,**

**AGED SIXTEEN YEARS AND ONE MONTH.**

**BY HER FATHER.**



**LONDON :**  
**SOLD BY JOHN MASON, 14, CITY-ROAD,**  
**AND 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

**1842.**

543.

**ENTERED AT STATIONERS'-HALL.**

**LONDON :**  
**PRINTED BY JAMES NICHOLS,**  
**HOXTON-SQUARE.**

# A MEMORIAL,

&c.

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## PART I.

### EARLY LIFE—CONVERSION—GENERAL CHARACTER.

MARY M'OWAN was born at Poplar, London, March 24th, 1826. Her parents dedicated her to God from the hour of her birth; and what they then did in secret, was afterwards ratified in public, by the covenant seal of baptism, amidst the prayers of the great congregation. From her childhood, her constitution was delicate; but her mind was vigorous, and her disposition cheerful. The sweetness of her temper when a child, induced visitors, as well as the members of the family circle, to give her the title of "happy Mary." From the time she was capable of reflection, she feared God, and respected the forms of his worship. Having been early taught to be still at family prayer, she easily acquired the habit of being decorous during public worship. Great pains were taken to make religion lovely in her




eyes, and to impress her mind with the fact, that the performance of its duties, and the possession of its virtues and blessings, were alike necessary to her happiness in this world, and her salvation in the next.

Her love to her parents was combined with reverence, and sustained by cheerful obedience. She believed that submission to them was a branch of the duty which she owed to God. She admitted the supremacy of their authority at first, without a struggle; and her subsequent deportment evinced, that the lesson had been infixed in her heart by the Holy Spirit. Yet Mary was not sinless. It was a rule in her father's house, that when a fault was candidly and penitently confessed, it should be frankly forgiven. The happiness which reigned in the family, the confidence which she reposed in her parents, together with her general amiableness and correctness in all the branches of filial duty, proved the expediency of this merciful, but apparently hazardous, regulation. In one instance, however, she placed herself beyond its benefit. This was an extraordinary event in the history of the household, and it was treated with great solemnity. At first she stood on the defensive; but, after a short time had been spent in expostulation and prayer, conviction seized her spirit, her heart softened, confession followed; and not only was the particular fault never repeated, but her concern for her religious interests was deepened from that day. She

then saw that pardon alone would not meet her case ; and that, with the removal of her guilt, she needed a new heart and a right spirit.

When she was in her tenth year, it pleased God to bless her eldest sister with a sweet sense of his pardoning love, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The letter which announced this glad intelligence, made a great impression on Mary's mind. While she read it, she wept. On her sister's account she rejoiced, but on her own she grieved. She felt that one was taken, and the other left ; and she feared lest the same scene should be enacted at the close of life. At midnight she has been found weeping on account of what she called her "sinful condition." "I am willing," she said, "to make any sacrifice, if I may but obtain the favour of God, and be as happy as my sister." She requested her mother to give her written directions for leading a holy life, that, as she said in her note, "I may read them daily, and follow them as far as I can." To her, as to others, the way of faith at first appeared dark and mysterious. Being unable, through constitutional timidity, to unbosom herself in conversation, she early adopted the method of stating her doubts and fears in brief letters ; which she wrote and folded in the smallest compass possible, and placed where she was sure her chosen counsellor would find them. She owned that the account of Christ's love to little children, as recorded in the Gospels,



afforded her encouragement ; but the utmost extent of her hope, for many days, was that the Saviour would not *finally* cast her out of his presence. The letter from which the following extract is taken, was addressed to her by her father, at a time when he had the prospect of being the first of his family who should pass through “ the valley of the shadow of death : ”—

“ VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT,

“ *March 15th*, 1837.


“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ WE received your brief but welcome epistle on Saturday evening ; and were delighted to hear, that you were not only well, but doing well. You cannot imagine the pleasure we felt on hearing of your improvement in health, in learning, and in piety. It afforded us special pleasure to know that the reading of Christiana’s letter made you weep. She has been, indeed, ‘ taken,’ while you are ‘ left,’—left, but not for ever. You may even now believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thereby inherit the pardoning love of God. For you, as well as for your sister, the Saviour died ; and the moment you confess your guilt, and rely on the oblation of his death as having been offered for you, you shall be saved. On you, as well as upon her, the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, was sealed in baptism. In that holy ordinance you were dedicated to God, and were

sprinkled with water, the emblem of the life-giving and cleansing Spirit ; a portion of whose influence, I have no doubt, you then received, in answer to the prayer of faith breathed from many hearts.

“ I refer to your baptism, that you may perceive you are not your own, but the Lord's. You are his by creation, by purchase, and by solemn dedication on the part of your parents. What now remains for you is to make that act your own, by giving yourself to the Father through the Son. That you have sinned away, in whole or in part, the grace communicated in baptism, and increased at different times since, is evident from your consciousness of guilt, from the occasional manifestation of unholy tempers, and from your dread of punishment at the hand of God. This renders repentance, and a renewed application to the blood of sprinkling, absolutely necessary. On this conviction your sister has acted, and God has received her graciously, and loved her freely.

“ What you need to make you safe and happy, is the forgiveness of your sins, evidenced by the shedding abroad of the love of God in your heart ; and to secure this, candid confession, implicit reliance on the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, with an unreserved and cheerful consecration of yourself to God, are alone necessary. And, my dear Mary, what hinders your acceptance of the blessing this very moment ? You are sensible of your guilt and defilement ; you grieve because you have



sinned against the God of love ; and you ardently desire the forgiveness of sins, and the renewal of your spirit. Now these desires, this godly grief and consciousness of guilt, prove that the Holy Spirit is moving on your heart. He convinces to convert ; he wounds to heal ; and he imparts the desire of salvation, that by it, as by a cord of love, he may lead us to the Saviour. This is the design of his convincing work in you, and it may be accomplished now.

“The Lord Jesus says, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls.’ ‘Yet there is room.’ ‘Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.’ ‘Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.’ These are the words of Him who cannot lie ; who listened to the prayer of the penitent thief on the cross ; in whose name you were baptized, and to whose service you were dedicated. Go then, my child, without delay, to the Friend of sinners ; the God of love ; the God of your fathers. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved,—from guilt and fear, from grief and shame. Read the one hundred and forty-third hymn ; and may the salvation of God become yours while you repeat the sacred lines !

“That He will save you, I have a strong hope ; and that he is able and willing to save you *now*, I

am as confident as that I exist. Your sister's conversion is at once a loud call and a great encouragement. Seek till you find ; call till the answer of peace descends into your soul. He requires no worthiness in you ; he needs nothing you can give. Eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord : and he says, ' Behold, I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' Gracious words of a gracious Saviour ! and just as applicable to you, as to the most experienced adult in the world. Open, then, my beloved Mary, open your heart to receive the Lord of glory ! Your parents have done so, and they are happy ; your sister has done so, and she is happy ; give Christ the throne of your heart, and you shall be happy too. The way of faith is simple. It is, ' Wash, and be clean : ' ' I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee : behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.'

\* \* \* \* \*

" Your affectionate father,

" PETER M'OWAN."

Mary's first resolve, on reading the above letter, was to carry out her baptismal engagement by a formal union with the church of God. But in this, also, she showed her respect for the authority of

her parents ; for, in the letter which announced her determination to dedicate herself to God, and in which she mentioned the name of the class-leader with whom she wished to meet, she stated she should wait our return before she finally decided. Being fully satisfied that she was under the drawings of the Father, and that she had a strong desire to flee from the wrath to come, her parents could do nothing else but encourage her to meet in class, this being one of the means of grace, which, in their judgment, was equally suited to the child of tender years and the man of hoary hairs, to the feeble-minded Christian and the established believer. Her selection of a leader met with their cordial approval ; and to the excellent ladies under whose care she was successively placed in London, and elsewhere, they feel themselves under lasting obligation, for their kind and unremitting attention to her spiritual interests.

Mary had heard her parents say, that a well-conducted epistolary correspondence with a religious friend is a happy method of fostering generous feelings, of promoting fellowship with God, and of exciting young people to the attainment of general excellence ; and she rejoiced to find among her senior school-fellows, in Colchester, some whose hearts the Lord had opened to receive his truth, and who were willing to intrust her with their bosom thoughts, and to assist her in her religious inquiries. The following extracts from her letters

to these valued friends will show with what longing desire she waited for the salvation of God :—

“ I try to get as much time for private prayer as I can : but were it not for what Miss B. tells me in class, I should despair of ever finding peace. I often feel happy, but it does not remain. I pray it may not be long before I can call Jesus ‘ my Lord and my God.’ ”

“ Miss B. says, as soon as I believe that Jesus died to save me, and that he is *able* and *willing* to *save me at the present*, I shall be saved. Now I have believed all this for some time ; and yet I have not found peace, but am in the same state as before. I shall expect a long letter from you soon, very soon ; and some advice.”

“ This last week I have felt somewhat happier ; but I am still burdened. Miss B. tells me she was once exactly in the same state that I am in. She says that I must still believe as I am able, and seek for the Holy Spirit to witness with my spirit that I am his ; that I must not rest till I receive the witness in myself. My dear Cary, pray for me. I was much obliged by your sweet letter ; and as for your saying, ‘ Burn it,’ I will do no such thing.”

“ My mind is more comfortable than it was a little time ago. On Sunday night, God answered my prayer in giving me suitable advice and encouragement through Mr. Monkhouse. The text was Luke xv. 10 : ‘ Likewise I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one



sinner that repenteth.' Though I did not receive the blessing of forgiveness, yet I was blessed, particularly at the prayer-meeting which followed. I have enjoyed the week-night sermon, my class, and all the meetings which have been held this week."

"This afternoon you lost a feast, I am sure; for we had a delightful sermon from Luke xix. 41, 42. I think I can say, 'By the mercy of God, I will give him my heart.' May he enable me to put my resolution in practice, that it may not be like others I have made. Next Wednesday is the night for renewing our quarterly-tickets; and I earnestly desire you to pray for me, that I may be enabled to open my mouth on the occasion. I have not spoken in class since the visitation in March. O, my dear Cary, do not forget to pray for me. I think I may say,—

'With simple faith on thee I call,  
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;  
I wait the moving of the pool,  
I wait the word which speaks me whole.

'Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure;  
Make my infected nature pure:  
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,  
And pour thyself into my heart!'"

"The time is very near when we shall be separated, perhaps for ever, in this world; but I hope, with you, that we shall meet in a better country, where sighs, tears, and farewells are unknown. Sometimes I feel comfort; but it passeth away as

wax melteth before the fire. I wish you would write and tell me what you think is the reason why my happiness does not continue."

The letter, from which the following extract is taken, was written from Manchester, and is dated October 14th, 1839 :—

"You must not think I have forgotten you. I often wish I could see you again, and that we had improved our time better when we were together; for we often spent it in idle talk, I mean useless conversation. Dear Cary, now that we are separated, let us bear each other up at the throne of grace; and endeavour to make our calling and election sure, that we may meet in heaven, to part no more FOR EVER. But we have a great deal to do first! O let us 'work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh in which no man can work.'

"I have not the news to tell you I hoped to have; but I am determined not to rest till I can say,—

'My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.'

I hope you are still going on in the right way. But, my dear C., there are heights and depths of holy love to which you have not yet attained.

Seek after them, and rest not till you can say, 'I know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin.' I suppose you know it is your privilege to obtain the blessing of 'entire sanctification.' This is a great thing for you to ask ; but it is not too great for God to give. - I have heard of many young persons who have died happy in the possession of this blessing. Papa said in his sermon yesterday, 'Those who give their hearts to God in early life, and continue faithful unto death, will be nearer the throne than those who leave the work till they are old.' And if so, how much more those who, while young, both know their sins forgiven, and are entirely sanctified ! But I am advising when it is my place to receive advice. Excuse this badly-written letter. I have done it at six o'clock in the morning. Show it to no one ; but give my love to Mrs. Rowe, Elizabeth, and all who may ask about me."

This correspondence, which was begun at Mary's instance, and with the concurrence of her parents, was throughout strictly religious. It was marked, on both sides, with simplicity and godly sincerity ; and to her, at least, it was beneficial. Though it did not conduct her into the green pastures of gospel enjoyment, it mitigated the dreariness of that spiritual wilderness which unbelief and excessive timidity spread around her. It kept her aspiring after, and longing for, the experience of the

children of God ; and it preserved her from fainting till the promised Comforter arrived. With one of her youthful correspondents she has already renewed her friendship before the throne ; and we devoutly trust that those who remain will follow after, till they also are " hallowed and made meet for heaven."

On the removal of the family to Manchester, in August, 1839, Mary joined Miss Hannah Wood's class ; and through the instructions and prayers of that lady, she obtained clearer views and deeper impressions of divine things. About the same time she became a communicant at the Lord's table. This important step was not taken without much deliberation, prayer, and self-examination. She understood it to imply her decided and perpetual consecration to God and the service of his church ; and, whether at home or among strangers, she never slighted that holy ordinance, by leaving the house of prayer before it was administered, or by staying at home when it was in her power to be present. Two out of the three last visits she paid to the sanctuary were undertaken specially, that she might renew her spiritual strength by feeding on the broken body and shed blood of her adorable Redeemer. On one of these occasions, such was her feebleness, that she was of necessity conveyed to and from the house of prayer.

About this time, too, she adopted and transcribed the following

## RULES FOR READING THE BIBLE.

“1. NEVER open the word of God without remembering that you must be tried by it at the judgment-seat of Christ.

“2. Read with prayer for direction to the right meaning ; with earnest attention to the words ; and to the connexion of the passage with the whole Bible ; and with patient thought concerning the result.

“3. When you read, suffer not your attachment to the sentiments of men to obscure the meaning of the scriptures, or induce you to pervert them.

“4. When you discover truth in the Bible, receive it with candour, maintain it with meekness, and avow it with courage.

“5. When you discover any duty in the Bible which you have previously neglected, improve the discovery by yielding cheerful obedience.

“6. In your daily perusal of the sacred volume, receive its doctrines with a lively faith, practise its duties with a holy boldness, and pray for divine grace, that these doctrines and duties may become to you the fountain and streams of a genuine discipleship.

“To the Christian this volume supplies a surer guide than the Israelites enjoyed in the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. It unfolds the consoling doctrine, the directing precept, the warning threat, and the cheering promise. It exposes our guilt, proclaims our danger, and

reveals our duty. It condemns to justify, and justifies to condemn no more. To the dead it speaks life, and to the living it unfolds immortality. It makes the weak strong, and to the strong it increases strength. It invites inquiry, and amply rewards the honest inquirer. It is a guiding star through the pilgrimage of life, and it extends the horizon of our existence into the boundless ages of a happy eternity."

*Before Reading the Scriptures.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Let us thine influence prove ;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of Light and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke,)  
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,  
Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,  
Brood o'er our nature's night :  
On our disorder'd spirits move,  
And let there now be light.

God, through himself, we then shall know,  
If thou within us shine ;  
And sound, with all thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine.

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Where Mary found the preceding rules and remarks, or whether they are in whole or in part her own, we cannot tell ; but, from the care with which they were written, and the signs of frequent use they exhibit, it is manifest they were not a dead

letter. Having from her childhood heard the scriptures extolled, and seen them preferred in the daily reading of the family, she very soon took delight in committing portions of them to memory. One of her first exercises in this delightful work was to learn the twenty-third Psalm. This she ever esteemed as the gem of king David's writings; and it contributed greatly to her spiritual comfort in her dying hour.

In the February of 1840, she went to school at Nottingham, with a full determination to cultivate all those acquirements which constitute a good female education. Besides enjoying the religious privileges of Mrs. Warren's seminary, she was favoured with the judicious counsels and maternal oversight of Mrs. George Marsden; for whose condescending attentions she often expressed her grateful obligations. Aware that a change of residence did not cancel any of her vows, or absolve her from any of her duties to God and his church, she took the earliest opportunity of enrolling her name in one of the society-classes, and rejoiced to find in her new leader the affection of a father, combined with the wisdom of a preceptor. She resumed at once her systematic plan of reading the scriptures; and, joyfully availing herself of one of the regulations of the school, she devoted a portion of the evening of each day to secret prayer, and self-examination.

In her letters to her parents she spoke of the great comfort she found in these exercises; and

there is reason to believe it was in them she was first enabled to call God Father, by the Holy Ghost : for, on her return home, at the following Midsummer, she modestly, but distinctly, professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as **HER REDEEMER**. And in her last illness she said, "I was never *quite* sure of my acceptance in the Beloved, till I went to Nottingham." The confidence she then obtained, she never lost ; and every thing in her tempers and conduct evinced that it was well founded.

She sought wisdom as silver, and searched for her as for hid treasure. During the summer months she generally rose between five and six o'clock ; and either attended the early prayer-meeting, or spent the time in prayer and devotional reading at home. Believing that the ordinances of the gospel were intended to bring the soul into intimate and hallowed fellowship with God, and that the Lord Jesus saves his people from their sins, she laboured to preserve a constant sense of the divine presence, and gave evidence that she was renewed in the spirit of her mind. Though she had the lowest possible opinion of herself, her parents do not recollect ever witnessing a wrong temper in her from the time she confessed that Jesus had been made unto her "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Sometimes, when the cause or the ministers of God were aspersed in her hearing, and no willing and able champion was nigh, she has been known





to manifest a degree of courage, and to indulge in a freedom of defensive remark, which proved that her mind was not only well furnished, but "fully persuaded." On the subject of her personal experience, however, she was, till near the close of life, diffident, and disinclined to speak.

To her beloved class-leader in Colchester she wrote: "I hope you will forgive me for not having spoken in class. I have often gone with the intention of telling you the state of my mind; but when you have come to my name, it seemed as if my mouth was closed, so that I could not utter a word. When I return home on these occasions, I always feel sorry that I have lost the opportunity. But I am determined to break through; for I believe it is a snare of the enemy to keep me from enjoying the blessing." After she entered into the liberty of the children of God, her freedom of speech was somewhat increased; but even then, she was "swift to hear," and "slow to speak;" and she generally compressed the experience of the week into a few well-weighed words, which she uttered with such a degree of feeling, as showed them to be the language of the heart. Within a few weeks of her death she said to her mother, "I am sorry I cannot converse with you about my spiritual interests. But you know I never could speak on these solemn subjects with the freedom that some use; and I fear I never shall. But you know me; and I hope you

will not distress yourselves should I leave you without saying so much as others have done. This I can say, I *do know* in whom I have believed." Her parents did know her; and had she been called away without giving any other testimony than this, they would not have had the shadow of a doubt respecting the happiness of her soul. But their joy abounded, when her gracious Lord enabled her

"To publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible."

Mary took great delight in the holy sabbath, and in the ordinances of the sanctuary. It was the constant endeavour of her parents to invest the sacred day of rest with every degree of pleasurable interest which comported with its holiness; and, as far as she was concerned, they succeeded in averting even the temptation to call it "a weariness." She saw the reasonableness, and felt the necessity, of devoting one day in seven to the worship of God, and the concerns of eternity. Her school-exercises were either learned on Saturday, or left till the morning of Monday: and, when a child, she was as scrupulous in laying up her toys, as others were in putting away their implements of labour. The law of the house was, that none but religious books should be read on the sabbath; but the particular book was generally left to her own choice. Tasks were rarely prescribed; but occasionally intimations were

given, that such a chapter, or hymn, was peculiarly beautiful, and that it would afford her parents pleasure if she were to commit it to memory. These intimations fell on her susceptible heart with the force of a command ; and not a single instance is recollected in which they were disregarded.

That the sabbath might be in the fullest sense a day of holy rest in her father's family, care was taken, by previous preparation, that no want should be left unsupplied, that all necessity for hurry should be obviated, and that obstructions to duty and temptations to transgress should, as far as possible, be taken out of the way. Into this design Mary cordially entered, and was not only careful to have all her own Sunday preparations finished in good time, but she also materially assisted her mother in the general arrangements for the family. She highly prized the Saturday-night prayer-meeting ; and till her health utterly failed, she was generally present. She loved to be in the family pew before the worship began ; and she never wandered from her own chapel in quest of novelty, or to gratify a capricious preference. The intervals of worship she devoted to prayer, religious reading, or family conversation. She neither needed nor desired walks of pleasure or friendly visits, to render her sabbaths agreeable. Her righteous spirit was grieved within her when she saw the blessed day prostituted to business or pleasure. The possessor of the garden adjoining

our house in ——— was in the habit of transplanting and otherwise arranging his flowers on the Lord's day; and lest she should appear to countenance him in his servile work, she refused even to take a walk in our own garden, though her state of feebleness often required it.

When her health became infirm, a bright sabbath morning filled her with joy; whereas her spirit sank, and she felt depressed, when she foresaw that the state of the weather would oblige her to spend the day at home. When so detained, she insisted on being left alone, that all the other members of the family might enjoy the high privilege of beholding "the beauty of the Lord in his temple," from which she was debarred. In this wish she was often overruled; and then, for the benefit of herself and her companion, she improved the season of worship in devotional reading, silent prayer, and occasionally in searching for scripture proofs of some gospel doctrine, or of one of the Divine attributes. During the last two years of her life, she often went to her class and to public worship, when entire rest would have much better suited the languor of her spirits, and the debilitated state of her body. When unable to attend herself, she watched the progress of time, lest her mother and sisters should be too late, through their attentions to her: and on their return she asked them to repeat the text, and made inquiry about the theme and character of the discourse; nor did she fail to

administer gentle reproof if at any time her sisters failed to satisfy her on these particulars. On the last Sunday of her mortal existence she was moved almost to tears, because the family pew was left empty, notwithstanding her express request to the contrary. Till she felt she was dying she would not consent that her father should neglect any of his public duties : and even then, after he had been communing with her in her chamber for some considerable time, she once or twice gently hinted, that his work in the study must not be too much interrupted on her account.

Mary's heart was naturally kind ; and through grace it became rich in those qualities which give tenderness and stability to friendship. Though kind to all, she was intimate with few ; but to these few she was most confiding and unreserved in her communications. She prized the counsels of age, and was at pains to deserve the esteem of those who were older and wiser than herself. She never forgot a kindness ; and it may be doubted whether she ever lost a token of love, or failed to answer the letter of a friend, while her fingers were able to hold a pen. Her drawers and work-box were a museum of relics which had been presented at the shrine of friendship. The only tears she shed during her affliction were tributary to the loving-kindness of those friends who loaded her with benefits in their endeavours to minister to her wants, and alleviate her sufferings. Within

two days of her death she lamented she could not finish a token of friendship at which she had wrought for several months before she was laid aside; and she gave strict injunctions to her eldest sister as to the style in which it was her desire it should be finished. Her breast was the seat of

“Love with gentlest pity join'd;”

and she not only listened to

“The widow’s and the orphan’s cry,”

but helped them to the utmost of her power, and pleaded for them with those who could relieve their wretchedness in an ampler manner. A climbing-boy, having uttered his well-known call in the street, the day before she died, she said, “Poor little sweep! But the time for your liberation draws nigh. It was a right thing in the Parliament to take up their case. I wonder whether Government will teach the poor boys other trades. I am sure they ought to do so.”

Through her constitutional feebleness and protracted affliction her school-studies were greatly interrupted, and her education was consequently incomplete: yet her reading was extensive for her years; and she possessed a stock of general and religious knowledge which made her an interesting member of the domestic circle, and might have qualified her for usefulness in the church. Perseverance was a leading trait in her character.

What she did, she did well ; and what she read, she generally retained. Her memory was a store-house to which the whole family frequently resorted ; and seldom indeed were its materials found either disordered or deficient.

To novels she had a rooted aversion, both on account of the falsehood with which their characters and general delineations are charged, and also because of the engrossing and anti-religious influence they exert on the mind. She had observed that those professors who read such books were neither happy in their minds, nor established in their religious principles ; and, to her certain knowledge, the backsliding of many youthful disciples was mainly attributable to light and unprofitable reading. During the February before she died, a young friend, wishful to amuse her, sent her a volume of Sir Walter Scott's novels. The moment Mary saw it, her mind was made up : she said, "I never read any of his novels when in health, and I will not begin now that I am ill. Send it home to-night, with my respects ; and say, if you please, that such books do not suit me. I would not have it thought that I had even looked into it." She had occasionally read Shakspeare, and admired select portions of his writings ; but she strongly deprecated the indiscriminate reading of his Works ; and on her death-bed requested her mother to lock up the copy which was in her

father's library, lest the junior members of the family should be injured by it.

She took great delight in natural history ; but, as her affliction increased, she confined herself to books of a strictly religious character. The last large work she read was the *Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley*, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson : and the interest she took in it may be estimated from the fact that, invalid as she was, she finished the two volumes (taking pencil notes as she proceeded) in the space of one month. The great spiritual profit she derived from this invaluable biography contributed to prepare her for glorifying God in a signal manner on her death-bed. Eight days before her death she complained that she was unable to give sustained attention to any one subject, and requested that the Scriptures and the Wesleyan Hymn-book, and these only, should be read to her. Referring to our hymns on one occasion, she said, "O these precious hymns ! There is something in them to suit every state. What a rich legacy did Mr. Wesley leave to the church when he left them ! They are beautiful."

Mary loved life, and had a taste for all its innocent enjoyments. The pleasures of home, the sweets of friendship, and the beauties of nature, may have had many more poetic admirers than she, but none more sincere, and none who enjoyed them with a truer and more permanent relish. She was fond of flowers, and has left behind her



many fair specimens of her skill in painting. Her last exercise in this loved employment was a bunch of moss-roses, which she bequeathed to her father, saying, "They are not worthy of your acceptance: indeed, they are a very unsuitable present for *you*: but if you connect them with the recollection that they were my last effort, and that they cost me, in my great feebleness, nearly nine months' labour, they will not be altogether trifling in your esteem: and they may serve to remind you of my early death, and unfading love, as well as though they were more valuable. Will you accept of them, papa?"

Though she delighted in drawing and painting, and did not wholly forget music, and other ornamental branches of female education, she did not prosecute them so as to neglect those more substantial attainments which qualify for usefulness in life. To her mother she was a companion, and a counsellor, in all domestic affairs; and a chief reason why she desired to live, and to excel in knowledge, and in female accomplishments, was, that she might contribute to the comfort and support of her parents in their declining years.

Her habits of order were remarkable for one so young. She had a place for every thing, and she kept every thing in its place. Her school-books, after years of use, were clean and untorn; her drawings and paintings were preserved in the nicest order; and the various articles of her dress were

kept with so much care, that they were always neat, and generally lasted nearly twice the usual time. For finery she had no taste ; and such were her sobriety of judgment and deference for maternal counsel, that in no instance did she ever select a dress, or choose a companion, or expend a crown, without her mother's entire concurrence. Her Note of admission on trial, her Society-tickets, her copy of the Rules, Missionary Notices, Letters, and friendship-offerings, were all found at her death as if they had been arranged only the day before. When on her death-bed, seeing her mother about to fold down a leaf in her hymn-book for easy reference to a favourite stanza, she interposed, and delicately turned her attention to the silken string which was attached to render the folding of leaves unnecessary.

Instead of thoughtlessly adding to the labour of the servant, Mary took pleasure in excusing her from an errand when she could connect it with one of her own walks ; and when there was an unwonted press of domestic duties, she would, unbidden, select some lighter service, and rejoiced if she succeeded in finishing it before it was understood to be begun. These kindnesses on her part were, in most instances, received with gratitude, and repaid with mingled respect and love. Among the many who mourned the early death of our dear Mary, and who still cherish the memory of her piety and condescending kindness, Ruth K—— is one of the most sincere.

This good and faithful servant accompanied the family from Leeds to Hull, from Hull to Glasgow, and from Glasgow to London, through a term of nine years ; and we have pleasure in placing it on record, that the last letter Mary ever wrote was one addressed to her, thanking her for her solicitude about her health, and giving an account of the Manchester Missionary Meetings.

Her love to the Missionary cause was intense. To her, even from childhood, Missionary narratives possessed a peculiar charm ; and she treasured up Missionary intelligence with such care, that if her father, in preparing an Annual Report, wished for a particular document, he had only to apply to Mary, and the want was soon supplied from her well-arranged store. That her weekly subscription, and gifts at anniversary occasions, might cost her something, and be more fully her own, she chose, during the last four years of her life, to deny herself the use of sugar. Missionary Meetings were to her festivals from which she allowed no surmountable obstacle to detain her. She took notes of the more interesting facts and statements which she heard, and these she transcribed into her correspondence, evidently with the design of exciting her young friends to embark in the holy cause with augmented zeal. Though it was while attending a Missionary Meeting in the Nottingham circuit that she caught the cold which issued in her death, she never once,

when adverting to the fact, expressed the slightest regret that she had gone to the service. Before her health entirely failed she said to her sisters, "I have been thinking that when we get to our new circuit, I must do more for the Missions than I have ever done. It has occurred to me that were I to prepare a portfolio, painted outside so as to attract attention, and keep in it a variety of paintings and drawings, done very nicely, I might sell them to friends, and so raise something handsome for the good cause." Thus did Mary plan, and it was well it was in her heart; but God saw meet to frustrate the cherished design; and in doing so he teacheth us to do with our might whatsoever our hand findeth to do. She took great interest in the "Juvenile Missionary Christmas Offering." Besides subscribing herself, she encouraged her youngest sister to go far and near in soliciting donations; and when it was announced that she had raised the sum of *thirty-two shillings and threepence*, Mary rejoiced with exceeding joy. At the last Manchester District Anniversary she was very feeble; but she entreated she might be permitted to hear "one sermon at least;" and she was accordingly conveyed to Oxford-road chapel, where she heard the Rev. John Lomas deliver a beautiful and faith-confirming exposition of Phil. ii. 6—11. This was the last sermon she ever heard; and it contributed, by the blessing of the Eternal Spirit, to nerve her

soul for triumphing in the final conflict which soon ensued.

There was no display about Mary's character or piety, either in life or in death. She was meek and lowly, retiring and unobtrusive, calm and rational, thoughtful and unpretending. She had a perfect antipathy to detraction, backbiting; self-conceit, and the acting of a part in common life; and neither wit, nor wealth, nor flattering attentions, could induce her to correspond or associate with those who were addicted to these practices. A character of seriousness pervaded her spirit, speech, and general deportment; and she sometimes suffered reproach, and was misunderstood, because she refused to waste her time in juvenile frivolities. For innocent recreations she had as keen a relish as any of her youthful associates; but from her tenth year she used even these in subservience to health, and the more important ends of life. Deeply seated in the affections of those who knew her best, and cheered with the assurance of her heavenly Father's love, she enjoyed, especially during the last two years of her life, the calm sunshine of a peaceful conscience, and the animating hope of "an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

But though Mary knew in whom she had believed, an absorbing desire to be useful, combined with an unutterable love to her parents,

made her unwilling to entertain the conclusion, that she was destined to descend into an early tomb : and it now affords her bereaved relatives a mournful pleasure, that, while she was with them, they used all likely means to preserve a life so deservedly dear. In the spring and summer of 1841 she spent about ten weeks in the beautiful island of Guernsey, under the patriarchal roof of the Rev. John De Queteville. But the season proved uncongenial ; and, notwithstanding the kind assiduities of the family with whom she lived, she reaped no permanent advantage. In a letter dated Southampton, May 22d, addressed to her mother, and detailing the incidents of her journey to that town, the following reminiscences are given :—

“ You remember the little lamp which glimmered in the roof of our carriage before we started from the Leeds and Manchester station, and which we all thought so useless a thing. This same little lamp, I assure you, rendered us essential service, and not a little instruction, in the course of our journey. It continued to twinkle in the bright light of the morning, unheeded by us, save that now and then we wondered at the folly and improvidence of those who placed it there, till, all at once, we plunged into the deep gloom of a dark and extended tunnel. We then learned the value of the little lamp by its use ; and were led to admire the prudent foresight of the govern-

ing mind, which gave it, unsought, to the inexperienced travellers, who, in their ignorance and folly, had despised it. So, we thought, many of the erring children of men treat certain of the works and providential dispensations of God. Because the necessity and utility of these works and dispensations are not at once seen, they are censured as being injurious, or they are neglected and despised as being useless, till genius, or accident, or rather Providence, brings out their hidden qualities and moral tendencies. Then the wisdom which contrived them shines in contrast to the presumption which censured them; and the gracious foresight which provided them is illustrated by the ignorance which would have prevented or extinguished their existence."

The bearing of these remarks on her own early removal, though unintentional, is, we think, obvious. Her parents were, for a season, stunned by the suddenness of the dispensation which caused her "sun to go down while it was yet day:" and unbelief, if it had been permitted, would have prejudged the divine proceeding as severely adverse. But faith said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good:" and now that the mystery begins to open, they think it quite possible, that God, "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," may make this Memorial, though not only a "little lamp," but a sepulchral lamp, the means of bringing more glory to his great

name than she could have done had she lived to the usual term of human life.

We have been induced to give this rather extended sketch of Mary's religious character, and mental temperament, before we attempt to describe the dying scene, in order, 1. To prevent our young readers from imagining that her piety was the growth of a day, that it was caught up on a death-bed, or that it was a thing which she had learned from those around her. 2. That all, whether young or old, may glorify God in her, by observing how richly he made his grace to abound in her behalf, unloosing her tongue, and enlarging her heart, perfecting his strength in her weakness, making his grace sufficient for her, rendering her who was the very type of timidity a pattern of triumphant faith, of unwavering hope, and of that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

As her spirit emerged into "the glorious liberty of the children of God," we respectively felt the weight and glowing energy of the precious words which fell from her lips; and unknown to each other we took notes from time to time. By means of these memoranda we have been enabled to give a character of fulness and of verbal accuracy to the closing scene of her earthly sojourn, which we did not even *hope* to accomplish when we began our record.



## PART II.

DYING SAYINGS—TRIUMPH OVER THE LAST  
ENEMY—CONCLUSION.

THOUGH Mary's health had been declining for about two years, it was not till the spring of 1842 that her disease assumed an aspect so formidable as to threaten immediate danger. A complete recovery and a long life she had, for some time, ceased to calculate upon ; but she expressed a hope, within two months of her death, that, when the mild May weather came in, and particularly if she could secure a brief residence at the village of Chorlton, she might be raised up for a time. These fond hopes her parents also entertained, till checked by a new development of her disease. An unfavourable medical opinion having been given, they thought it their duty to make her acquainted with their growing fears. This task her mother undertook, and when the above reference to the "mild May weather" was made, she, with a bursting heart, said, "My dear, it is very doubtful whether you will live to see May." "Indeed, mamma," she replied ; "that is news ! Do the doctors say so ?" Then, after a short pause, she added, "Well, the great thing is to be fully ready. You have done right to tell me the truth ; and I will expect you to tell me all they

say from time to time. Be sure you tell me all. I shall feel uncomfortable if you hide any thing."

From this day forward she felt, thought, and spake, as became a child of mortality standing on the brink of eternity. To the inquiries which were daily made respecting her religious state and experience, she gave brief but satisfactory answers; avowing, "with meekness and fear," that she knew in whom she had believed; that her soul habitually turned to the Saviour as its only quiet resting-place; that day and night she had a sweet sense of the gracious presence of God; that she had no fear; and that she could leave herself wholly in his hands. But though she had no fear, she had much sorrow, and could not at this time triumph in the prospect of "dissolution near." Though she submitted to what she believed to be the will of God, it was under the burden of an inward grief,—a grief arising from the darkening of her earthly prospects, the breaking up of cherished schemes, and a dread lest her death should overwhelm those she left behind. Her heart yearned, over her mother especially, with an inexpressible tenderness; and in a thousand ways she endeavoured to soothe her sorrow, and to prepare her for the stroke. Though she could not *calmly* entertain the idea of parting with us, nor make her death the subject of *free* discourse, yet even at this period she set us a bright example, and surpassed us in fortitude and

resignation to the divine will. Had we submitted sooner, we now believe her triumph would have commenced earlier. The dreaded event was always before us ; yet in her presence we affected not to see it. In a moment of anguish it had been suggested to her, and we wished to talk of it again, as being probably very near : but our tongue faltered, and our heart failed us, whenever we made the attempt. We spoke words of comfort to her, and her heart feasted upon them ; but grief consumed our own spirits. We knew we must part with the dear object of our solicitude ; we saw that God was making her meet for his kingdom ; we desired to glorify him in the fires by a perfect resignation ; and, when alone, we sometimes thought we had gained the victory ; but when we met in her chamber, we found that the struggle had to be renewed. The cup was bitter, and we prayed that, if it were possible, it might pass from us. We knew it was prepared and mingled by our heavenly Father's skill ; yet we hoped against hope that, at the eleventh hour, in the midnight of our grief, he might be pleased to cause it to pass from us. But such was not his sovereign pleasure ; and we feel it our duty to testify, that he helped our infirmities, he made his grace sufficient for us also, and the concentrated cry of our heart at length was, " ' Father, glorify thyself,' in her, in us, by life, or death, only ' glorify thyself ! ' "

Thus we prayed, adored, and triumphed. How fully our prayer was answered in dear Mary's behalf, the following pages will show.

Next to public ordinances, her delight was in domestic worship. When through increased weakness she was unable to come down stairs, she requested that the family altar might be transferred to her chamber: and though the great object of our worship was the same, the promises we pleaded the same, and the atonement on which we relied the same, yet we found that God, in compassion to his afflicted child, drew nearer, sent out brighter beams from the overshadowing glory, and granted richer supplies in answer to our joint supplications. As her disease advanced, her love of life declined, and the cheerfulness of her spirit rose with the growth of those symptoms which indicated the rapidity with which her sun was going down.

The gentleness of her spirit, her love to her relatives, and her gratitude to her friends, reached a high degree of refinement, and were manifested in so many delicate and unanticipated ways, as were painfully affecting to those who waited upon her. A drink of water, a little orange juice, a short sleep, a successful effort to expectorate, respite from pain, a change of posture, a friendly visit, a tender note of condolence, all drew from her loving spirit praise to God, and expressions of gratitude to man. "My affliction," she said, "is

made up of mercies. Nobody was ever so favoured as I. I have every thing I can desire ; temporal comforts, and spiritual privileges. I should be one of the most wicked wretches that ever lived, if I were not grateful."

Till within a few days of her death she suffered no pain ; but for the last fortnight of her life she was subject to great restlessness, arising from fever and feebleness. At one time she said, "What should I do, if I had my religion to seek now ? Sometimes I am so weak, and my memory so fails me, that I can neither pray, nor recollect a text of scripture. Had I not obtained the forgiveness of my sins before, I feel as if I could not have wrestled for the blessing now." She requested her mother to write to Miss G——, one of her school-companions, saying, "Tell her I should have written myself, but am unable ; and that I have confidence in the Redeemer. But do not say how very ill I am, lest the news should hurt her ; for you know she also is in a delicate state of health." Seeing signs of grief in those around her, she said, "It is hard for you to see me suffer so ; but I have not the shadow of a murmuring thought. No one knows what I suffer through weakness, extreme weakness ; words cannot express it. But I know that God is mine, and that I am his ; and I trust shortly to arrive at home. It pains you to hear me talk of dying, and I am sorry to grieve you ; but it eases my own

mind. Poor mamma! I do not know what she will do when I am gone; for she cries so whenever I refer to death. O how I love you all! If I am permitted, I shall rejoice to become your ministering spirit, to watch over you, and to comfort you in your dying moments."

April 21st.—Her mother having told her that she had fully resigned her into the hands of her heavenly Father, she said, "I am thankful for that. It distressed me to see you suffer so much on my account. I am glad; you can now talk to me about dying without weeping. It appears to me, that we have all got more grace. I am sure I have.

'Round me and beneath are spread  
'The everlasting arms.'

I have given up every thing on earth. I have had nothing to do with the world for three days. God is all and in all. He is always near, and I am kept continually trusting in him. It is all of grace; for what have I done? I am but a worm in his sight.

'See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands  
With all-engaging charms :  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.'

Yes; he folds me in his arms! His everlasting arms! What should I now do without them?"

To her eldest sister she said, "It comforts me, my dear Christiana, to know, that my affliction

has been made a blessing to you. I trust it will do good to Jane also. How delightful it will be if we all meet in heaven ! My God is mine, and I am his. I can give every thing up to his disposal." Then, turning to her mother, she said, "And you can give me up. Rejoice with me." She then requested us to repeat the hymn beginning with,

"My God, I am thine, What a comfort divine !"

Towards the evening of this day she was seized with an extraordinary faintness, and failing of heart ; insomuch that for two hours we thought she was dying : but her extremity was God's opportunity. The fear of death was entirely taken away ; and, forgetful of herself, she was only intent on glorifying God, and comforting those around her. To her father she said, "You are my minister, as well as my father. I feel sorry that I have not been able to speak more freely to you about my spiritual concerns. I am afraid lest my silence should have grieved you. I do love you. I can give every thing up, and am glad you can give me up. I found it a trial at first to be cut off so early from the pleasures of life, and the society of friends. But it is all for the best ; God cannot err. He has perhaps resolved to take me first, because he foresaw that evil was before me. I trust we shall meet in heaven, a family before the throne. When you meet

young people, urge them to give themselves to God *fully and without delay*. A fortnight ago I little thought I should have been in dying circumstances now. I was even then forming new plans; but they are all broken. This should be a warning to all young people not to delay. I wish all my young friends, yea, all the young people in Manchester, to know how happy God has made me. But it cannot be." All this was spoken in a whisper; but it was uttered with such thrilling earnestness as only dying circumstances could inspire.

On Saturday, 23rd, she revived so as to be able to sit up; and was not only cheerful, but innocently playful, on one or two occasions. She wrought for a few minutes at a token of friendship which had occupied her at intervals for some weeks past; and when informed that a shower of rain had begun to fall, she rejoiced, and requested to be removed to a sofa by the window, that she might see the precious drops, enjoy their cooling influence, and observe their freshening effects on the leaves of the trees. Having suffered greatly from the excessive heat of the preceding fortnight, she regarded the descent of this shower almost with feelings of transport; and she was induced to leave her seat at the window only when the thunder and lightning became truly awful. After taking a sip of water, she said, "O what a blessing is water! precious water! Thank



God for water!" Referring to the intermingling of shade and sunshine, pleasure and pain, in the affairs of earth, she exclaimed, "What is this life, when compared with that which is to come?" She dwelt with delight on the happiness of heaven, as described in Rev. vii. 16: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Sunday 24th.—She was decidedly worse in all the leading symptoms of her disease; but her soul was

"Unutterably full  
Of glory and of God;"

and in her liberty and joy each member of the family shared. Referring to the mitigating circumstances connected with her affliction, she said, "How wonderful it is that I have no pain! I suffer great weakness, but no pain. God has been very gracious. Every thing connected with my affliction has been kind, nothing could have been kinder. I can drink and take my medicine without lifting my head from the pillow. This also is from the Lord." To her father she said, "I am so thankful you have not to preach this evening. To preach under such circumstances

must have been hard. A daughter dying at sixteen years of age: it is something more than if I had been a baby. It was kind in Mr. Wood to consent to take your pulpit. Give him thanks *from me*. It is God who makes him and all the other friends so kind. 'God is love: he loves me; and I know that I love him.' Here she wept; and, on recovering herself, said, "I ought not to have done so; but I could not help it; God and his people have been so kind. This is the first time I have wept in all my affliction. I am sorry I have done it now. I will try to be more composed. I wish you to know, that my tears are not tears of sorrow, but of gratitude. I am overcome with a sense of my unworthiness of so much kindness. God bless Mrs. F——. God bless Mr. L—— and Miss L——. God bless Mr. W——. God bless Miss T——. God bless all our dear friends. Pray for them. Pray aloud, that I may hear you and join with you."

As these tears were the first that Mary shed, so they were the last. To the age of a child she joined the fortitude of a martyr. Her meek composure, her exemplary patience, her perfect resignation, and her blissful anticipations of everlasting life, edified and astonished all who entered her chamber. While the smallest service which was rendered to her drew forth lively and grateful acknowledgments, neither the wasting of her flesh, nor the want of sleep, nor the distressing

restlessness which her extreme weakness induced, ever extorted a murmur from her lips, or an impatient word to those who ministered around her bed. Except in a few instances, there was nothing impassioned in her manner; and many were the occasions in which she showed a nice discrimination in the selection of words, correcting herself when she thought her language had been too strong. Fully aware of her circumstances, she set herself to suffer the Divine will, in confident expectation of obtaining Divine aid. She generally spoke in a soft, but distinct, under-tone of voice; and her whole dying demeanour was simple, benignant, dignified. Having, on one occasion, expressed a fear lest she should have to suffer much in the hour of death, reference was made to Paul's thorn in the flesh, and the words of the Redeemer to him were quoted, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness:" on hearing which she said, "That will do. But it is a thorn."

In the course of the afternoon, she said, "Owing to my youthful timidity, and long affliction, I have done but little good in the world. This has been to me a source of regret, and also of temptation. One reason why I wished to live was, that I might devote myself to the Missions. The cause of Missions has lain near my heart of late: and I meant to promote it by needle-work, and by collecting in our new Circuit, if it had

pleased God to give me health and grace. I say GRACE; for while the work of contributing to save the world is noble, when done from right motives, and to the glory of God, it is worse than nothing to do it for the praise of men, or in the spirit of self-commendation. Another reason why I desired to live was, that I might do good to young people. I have long remarked that they are generally very thoughtless; and some who make a profession are far from being so serious as they ought. Had I lived, I intended to use my influence to induce them to devote themselves fully to God in their youth. Doubt and uncertainty will not do to die with. It must be delightful work to train the young for heaven. But all these purposes are now broken off. How very rapid has my disease been! In one short fortnight how I have sunk! I wished to let you know what was in my heart. But I have great reason to be ashamed, because I have done so little."

When looking forward to a night of weariness and pain, she said,

"Better than my boding fears  
To me thou oft hast proved;  
Oft observed my silent tears,  
And challenged thy Beloved:  
Mercy to my rescue flew,  
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;  
Pain before thy face withdrew,  
And sorrow fled away."

About twelve o'clock she requested her kind nurse to pray with her; and tried to compose herself in sleep till two, on Tuesday morning, when she said, "There will be no more sleep. This is the time for my cough to be troublesome. I shall be glad when it is day. When night comes, I wish for morning; but, when it is morning, I cannot say I wish it were night. O, no! I love the day. Draw up the blind, if you please, that I may see the day as it dawns, and watch the breaking of the clouds." A little after, she said, "Well, Hannah, perhaps this will be the last night I shall spend upon earth; and, if so, you will have to reflect that you have been with me. You have been very kind. I cannot thank you sufficiently; but God will reward you."

About four o'clock she was seized with excruciating pain in her right side. Her mother entering her chamber, said, "Well, Mary, love, 'hard toiling to make the bless'd shore?'" "O yes, mamma; but it is blessed, and it will be more blessed when I reach it." Her father having gone for Dr. Wood, she eagerly inquired where he was; and, turning to her mother, said, "Do not leave me. I know it is painful for you to see me suffer; but it gives me pleasure to see you. I shall not be here long, stay with me. This will probably be the last day. And, if so, it will be a happy day for me; but a sorrowful one for you. You will feel it severely for a time—only for a

time. You must recollect that the Lord gave." Her mother was about to add, "and the Lord hath taken away;" but she prevented her, saying, "The Lord has a *right* to take away. Yes; he has a right." Feeling a universal chill, and being at the same time covered with perspiration, she said, "Can this be death? O no! it cannot; or God would not have permitted papa to be absent." When describing her pain, she said, "It is torment;" but, checking herself, she added, "I ought not to have said so. I am sorry I used that word. It is not torment; but O! it is strong pain. I am often at a loss for proper words to express my feelings. I have many mercies. Lord, pardon me for every word which has been amiss. I have not yet murmured, and I fear lest I should use language which implies murmuring.

• With me in the fire remain,  
Till like burnish'd gold I shine;  
Meet, through consecrated pain,  
To see the Face Divine.' "

When Dr. Wood left, she inquired what he had said; and on being informed that he thought it doubtful whether she would see night, she said, "Well, I shall see Jesus as he is,—perhaps to-day. What a prospect! We must all look to him for strength. I am a wonder to myself. It is scarcely like dying." Seeing her sisters stand on one side of the bed, as if fearful to disturb her, she

requested they would come and sit in her sight, saying, "I shall not be with you long ; let me see you all. I am thankful that the Lord comforts you so greatly ; and he will comfort you when I am gone. My weakness increases continually ; I cannot hold out long." To her youngest sister she said, "I do not know whether you are in the way or not ; but if you do not love God, lose no time in giving him your heart. Be sure you keep nothing back. I have not been at class for a long time ; but, if I remember right, when I was there you were full of doubts and fears. Now, there must be none of this. What is our religion worth, unless it saves us from tormenting fear ? It would increase my happiness if I knew, *if I were sure*, you loved the Saviour. Kiss me. This is my farewell kiss. I may not be able to do it when the messenger comes. Be a good girl."

She afterwards asked, whether we did not see in her the signs of death, and, on being informed that her symptoms certainly indicated that we should, ere long, be deprived of her beloved society, she said, "Thank God ! Thank God ! I shall come off more than conqueror through Him who hath loved me. I hope it will please God to permit me to go home to-day. What a glorious change it will be, when it does take place ! Though I am young, there are several in heaven whom I knew on earth ; and I shall soon form new friendships

when I get there. We shall all be friends there—one family. Whom do you think I shall see first, when I enter?" It was remarked that perhaps the spirits of her two sainted cousins would be the first to greet her on the blissful shore. "Yes!" she said, "Christiana and Mary are there. O what a prospect! But I shall only stay a moment to receive their welcomes; I will request to be led at once to the Lamb, to my precious Saviour. I will fall—I will throw myself, at his feet, and praise him for having brought me to himself, and for all the mercies of this affliction. O Jesus! Precious Jesus! I shall see him as he is, face to face. O what a glorious sight! I could not bear it now. The sight of even heaven's gate would overwhelm me now. But I shall get a new body; I shall see all, enjoy all. O what a change! In a moment to be introduced to angels and to Jesus! O, I am so happy; so happy. I cannot express it. Even this overpowers me."

In the course of the afternoon her pain was mitigated, and she called on all present to unite with her in thanksgiving for the deliverance. "Praise him! Praise him!" said she, "all of you praise him! For every little thing, praise him." This interval of ease she improved by distributing presents, chiefly books, among her relatives and friends, which she accompanied with appropriate counsels, and benevolent wishes for the



present and everlasting welfare of those to whom they were given. Referring to her brother, who was at Kingswood school, and whom she longed to embrace and bless, she said, "That dear boy; what will he do when he comes home, and finds my place empty? I fear it will break his heart. Poor Peter! But I have given him up; and I must not take him back. God bless him! I am glad he has given his heart to God. May he hold out to the end!" She then bequeathed to him her Bible and Hymn-Book; and, with a trembling hand, wrote his name on a blank page, with her dying wishes for his eternal happiness. To her eldest sister she gave "The Beauties of Holiness;" saying, "If you read it with care, it will do you immense service. It ought to be read three times. It was the gift of the Rev. W. Williams to me; and I am sure you will not prize it the less on that account." To her sister Jane she gave the Memoir of Miss Fishwick; adding, "It was a present to me from Miss Hannah Wood, and I now bequeath it to you as a gift which I highly prized." To Mrs. Furnace she presented Tyerman and Bennett's "Missionary Voyages." To her mother she gave her Album; and to Miss Taylor, "The Parting Gift," in which she wrote her name and affectionate regards. She concluded this great effort by allotting other tokens of love to absent friends, and by requesting that we would present her kind regards, and grateful

thanks, to all who had sympathized with her in her affliction. "But what shall I say," she added, "to Mr. Wood's family? Their kindness has been extreme; I cannot frame a message to them. I leave it with you to say your best,—your very best. Tell Miss Hannah, that I have given the Memoir of Miss Fishwick to Jane. I hope she will see in such bequeathment that I prized her gift."

After resting for some time, she requested her father to feel her pulse, remarking that the Doctor had said in the morning it had ceased to beat. On being informed that it had revived, she said, with a sweet smile, "Papa, you almost grieve me;" and, after feeling it herself, she added, mournfully, "Then I fear I shall not get home to-night. I have been waiting all day with heaven *full in view*. Like a mariner returned from a long voyage, I am lying off, and longing to enter the harbour. But I will wait; only I feel it a cross to be so near, and not to get in. I must, and I will, be submissive." Fearing lest her ardent longing to depart might pain her weeping relatives, she said cheerfully, "I hope you will not think my wish to leave you arises from want of affection. No! we have been a happy family. I have loved you; and have been beloved by you. It cost me much to give you up; but I have done so. It is the will of God I should go. His will be done. I am glad you can say, 'His will be

done.' I hope, I am assured, we shall all meet in heaven."

In the evening she saw Dr. Wood, who prayed with her, and to whom she presented her respectful and grateful acknowledgments for his kind and valuable medical services. When about to take her last leave of him, she said, "I do not know the ages of your dear children; but they are not too young to seek the Lord. Tell them from me, to seek him early; and to seek him till they find him. I have done little or nothing for God. Your profession gives you great influence: a word from you in commendation of the Saviour will have great weight with the sick and dying. Excuse me, therefore, if I request that you employ your influence for their spiritual benefit. It is a great thing to save a soul from death. You are a class-leader; and I am young, and very inexperienced: yet permit me to request, that you will not allow any of your members to rest in doubt and uncertainty about their acceptance. Young people are apt to do so. Tell them from me, to make sure work for eternity." This address was uttered with great effort. She felt she was taking a liberty with a gentleman whom she both loved and venerated; and we know she relied on his candour, which she believed would lead him to interpret her words, not as an attempt to instruct him, but as expressive of her supreme desire that souls might be saved, and that her Lord might be glori-

fied when she ceased to be an inhabitant of time. On being informed that the doctor thought she could not live many hours, she said, "Good news! In heaven to-night! What a prospect! But there is no night there. Kiss me. When I leave you, be sure you give God thanks. All of you kneel down, and give God thanks. As you lie on your beds you will have to reflect, that I am encircled with the blaze of day.

'The joy neither angel nor saint  
Can bear, so ineffably great;  
And lo! the whole company faint,  
And heaven is found at his feet.' "

Tuesday morning.—About one o'clock her pain returned with dreadful severity; and the whole family assembled in her chamber, to witness a scene of sufferings and of holy triumph, such as the most experienced among them had not even imagined could have fallen to the lot of any child of Adam. Her intellect was not only unclouded, but supernaturally bright; her recollection was vivid; her hearing was acute; and her eye, beaming with intelligence and tender affection, seemed to pierce through those on whom it glanced. Her heart and her flesh failed; but God was the strength of her heart, and her portion for ever.

To her kind nurse she said, "Hannah, if you have any young friends who have not yet devoted themselves to God, urge them to do so without delay. What should I do now, if I had my reli-

gion to seek?" In answer to an inquiry how she felt, she replied, "Languishing into life. *Not struggling*, but languishing into life. God has made me quite ready. I have nearly done; and long to

‘ Clap my glad wings, and tower away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day.’

God is good. I am filled with astonishment. I cannot express his goodness to me, who am such an unworthy creature. He gives me calm<sup>er</sup> peace. I have nearly suffered his sovereign pleasure. He will soon say, ‘Come up hither.’ I feel his gracious presence. Christ, and the holy angels who are to carry me to heaven, are in the room.”

Some one present having quoted the following lines,—

“ When my sorrows most increase,  
Let thy strongest joys be given;  
Jesus, come with my distress,  
And agony is heaven; ”

her father asked what meaning she affixed to the last two lines, and whether there was aught in her experience which answered to that meaning. After thinking for a moment or two, she replied, “The presence of Jesus does not take away pain; but it mitigates it, by preventing the mind from dwelling upon it. His presence raises a new class of feelings in the soul, and gives it a heaven of enjoyment in the midst of agony. It imparts a fulness of happiness to the suffering believer, which, as

compared with the state of the soul previous to the Saviour's coming, may be called heaven." She afterwards repeated her favourite stanza :—

" My God I am thine ! What a comfort divine !  
What a blessing to know That my Jesus is mine !  
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,  
And my heart it doth dance At the sound of his name : "

thus delicately intimating that she was not a stranger to the deep exposition she had just given.

It ought to be stated, that Mary's dying testimony was an unprompted testimony. In proposing the above question, her father departed from his general plan, which was to listen, often in a kneeling posture, to her voluntary statements, and, *in connexion with them*, to solve difficulties or suggest new grounds of consolation, as occasion required. And he is free to confess that, while his dear child was giving the above reply, his heart smote him for having asked a question which might have been spared.

In order to diminish the distress of her relatives, and magnify the loving-kindness of her Lord, she was at pains to represent her sufferings under the most favourable aspect ; and, in doing so, she sometimes used language which to others appeared paradoxical. This morning she said, " I have no pain, but weakness—utter weakness—pain through weakness. It is the heart failing. O, it is hard to bear ! It is terrible ! What shall

I do? I will take the cup of *suffering*, and call upon the name of the Lord.

‘ When pain o’er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.’ ”

She afterwards quoted that line,—

“ Jesus weeps, and loves me still ; ”

and asked, “ Am I wrong in supposing that Jesus weeps while he inflicts these sufferings on me, as one of his little ones? I would not willingly entertain any sentiment unworthy of the Redeemer ; but it is consoling to think that I share his sympathy while I suffer his will. What is that passage?—‘ We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin.’ Does not this text bear me out in my belief? ”

About half-past three o’clock the morning song of the thrush was heard in the adjoining gardens ; and the pleasing incident having been noticed, Mary said, “ Yes ; I heard them sing most sweetly yesterday morning before it was quite light : and as I listened I thought, ‘ Well, I shall be singing in paradise before night ! ’ But I have been disappointed *so far*. Yet my Saviour will come, and I shall not always be a poor little sparrow on earth :—

'Come, O my Saviour, come away.'"

Here her memory failed her ; and looking wistfully at her father, he proceeded,—

"Into my soul descend ;  
No longer from thy creature stay,  
My Author and my End!"

She then resumed,—“My Saviour! my blessed Saviour! the Saviour of us all—our Saviour! Why are thy chariot-wheels so long in coming? But I wait. I could wait *another day*—if such were his will. I could, but *I would rather not*. Nor will he suffer me—*I think*. But his will is best. Mine is a poor erring will: his is infallible.”

She then requested us all to pray that, if it were the will of God, he would take her to himself; adding, “I do not know why He keeps me here. But it is, no doubt, done in wisdom; and if there be any end to be answered, I am content. My Jesus! thou art precious—precious—precious! But thou art *rather* long in coming. Yet I will wait—wait—wait. Not all the angels in heaven could have made me willing to stay; neither could they have enabled me to endure the least part of what I have suffered. It is the Lord’s doing; and it is marvellous in our eyes.

‘O what shall I do my Saviour to praise?’”

Her father fearing lest her “desire to depart and to be with Christ” might prove an occasion of



temptation to her tried spirit, suggested several motives for the exercise of patience. Among other things he said, "God is teaching us, through you, the necessity of a full salvation ; the excellency and glory of the Christian religion ; the sufficiency of *his* grace to save and to sustain ; and how we ought to triumph when we also come to die. These are deep and important lessons ; they are difficult to learn ; and, that we may master them fully, he extends the term of your suffering, and prolongs your stay on the banks of Jordan." To these remarks she listened with eager attention ; and then said, "Blessed Saviour ! I will wait thy time. It is all in love ! It is mysterious ; but it is God's order : and he doeth all things well. For your sakes, my dear relatives—*my family*, I am content to suffer. I believe I am kept back on your account. The lesson is for you. I think I was made fully meet last night. Try then, all of you try, to get all the good you can out of my sufferings. Learn fast ; out of pity to me, learn fast. Do not detain me. Instead of gazing upon me, fall on your knees. Examine yourselves ; give yourselves fully to God ; improve, and see that you give me up." This was indeed an awful moment : we obeyed our dying monitress ; and, after we had been engaged in secret prayer a considerable time, she broke the silence by saying,—

" ' God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain ! ' "

It is all right ! it could not—ought not to have been otherwise.” Her mother said,—

“ Thy gifts to thee we render back.”

Mary added,—

“ With ceaseless songs of praise.”

Then, in a gentle whisper, “ Take it—take it—

‘ Take my body, spirit, soul,  
Only thou possess the whole ; ’

and, if it be thy blessed will, come and take me now.”

Her father read to her 2 Cor. v. 1—9 ; and great was her rejoicing to find her full assurance, her lively hope of an “ house not made with hands,” her groaning under the burden of suffering mortality, and her ardent longings “ to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven, that mortality might be swallowed up of life,” so fully sanctioned by the experience of the apostle and the first Christians. She repeated the verses as they were read, with the joy of them who find great spoil ; and, after remarking that the Lord Jesus had promised to come quickly, and not to tarry, she said, “ He cannot be displeased with me for desiring that he would fulfil his own promise. No ! no ! He will come quickly. He is satisfied, and will soon say, ‘ Come up hither.’ ”

‘Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise;  
And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;’ ”

when, she being unable to proceed, we added,—

“On this festival day, Come exulting away,  
And with singing to Zion return.”

A member of the family, referring to her desire that we should profit by her sufferings, said, “All things work together for good to them that fear God.” “Not so,” replied the dear sufferer, as if jealous for the purity of the sacred text, and the spiritual profit of those around her, “it is ‘to them that love God.’ *Fearing God* will not secure the blessing promised in that passage. You must love God, if you would have my sufferings fully sanctified.” Then, as if absorbed in meditation on her own case, she exclaimed, “The power of God ! the love of God ! How much of both have been seen in this affliction !

‘My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,  
’T is life everlasting, ’T is heaven below.’ ”

Her mother having repeated the following stanza,—

“Lord of the worlds above !  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples are !  
To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires, to see my God ;”—

Mary answered, “That hardly suits me *just now*. It touches me on my weak point. Papa’s *little*

*words* about patience and resignation were quite necessary. I do not need any thing to increase my longings after home. My wish is, to wait my full time, and to suffer all his will. I fear lest I should murmur at his stay. But I have not done so yet; and I hope to be kept to the end. Repeat the hymn which begins with—

‘ Arise, my soul, arise,’ ” &c.

The whole of this fine hymn was read as she requested, and she repeated,—

“ Before the throne my Surety stands ;  
My name is written on his hands,”

with a rapturous emphasis never to be forgotten.

During the afternoon she obtained a short respite from pain; and, in compliance with our earnest entreaties, she endeavoured to obtain rest in sleep; but in vain. After remaining for some time silent, she beckoned her father to her bedside, and with a sweet smile said, “ Have I not been very good? You must allow me to speak now. I will only whisper; and that, you know, will do me no harm.” She then requested to see the memoir of her cousin, Christiana, which her uncle had kindly forwarded; and, holding it in her own hand, she ran her eye over its contents; remarking, as she returned it, “ It does not say what hour of the day she died: her death was preceded by violent attacks of fever. Do you think I

shall suffer much in the closing scene?" On being told that she would probably sleep into the embrace of angels, and find herself surrounded with the light and glory of eternity before she was aware the last conflict had commenced, she said, "I shall rejoice if it be so. He will temper the wind to the shorn lamb. 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'"

This holy resolution had scarcely been taken, when her pain returned; and throughout the afternoon and evening the signs of death were upon her. These she marked with heroic calmness, and conversed about them with a degree of composure and delight which strangers can scarcely credit. Remarking on the coldness of her hands, and the sweat which stood in icy drops on her forehead, she said, "It is death; but he has no sting. Precious Jesus! thou art a Saviour in distress! thou art God! Help me! O, save me from my agony! Come quickly, and take me to thyself." She frequently felt her pulse; and, raising her arm, seemed surprised at its continued steadiness and strength.

Though suffering the pains of death, she continued to sympathize with us, and expressed her care for our comfort, and her gratitude for our little services, in terms which were oppressive, because of their melting kindness. To her sisters she said, "Pray for me. I need your prayers. I

am passing 'through the valley and shadow of death.' Pray a sister's prayer; never mind fine words: pray that Jesus may come quickly." Prayer was offered; after which she breathed out her own bosom-sentiments in the following lines:—

" To the hills I lift mine eyes,  
The everlasting hills;  
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,  
My soul the Spirit feels:  
Will he not his help afford?  
Help, while yet I ask, is given;  
God comes down; the God and Lord  
That made both earth and heaven."

This whole hymn was peculiarly sweet to her soul throughout the term of her affliction; and, when unable to repeat it herself, she requested those around her to do it for her. Another of her favourite hymns was,—

" Jesus, the name high over all," &c.

This afternoon the last verse was often on her lips. On one of these occasions, after repeating,—

" Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name,"

she turned to her father, and added, with dying earnestness,—

" ' Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold! behold the Lamb.'—

The Lamb—the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world: who taketh away my sins—who supports me in my suffering.”

The calm and dignified composure which Mary had hitherto manifested in her spirit, speech, and manner, was an occasion of great joy to her afflicted relatives; and from hour to hour, by night and by day, it had been their careful endeavour to foster it. But as her distress heightened, and the dying agony approached its crisis, her father, while pleading for a mitigation of her suffering, and an easy passage for her meet spirit, was betrayed into a strain of vehement importunity; which the dear sufferer checked by saying, “That will do—that will do. It does not appear to be his will to give me mitigation. Do not ask for it. All of you pray—*silently*. My sufferings are as great as I can bear; but God can proportion my strength to my day. He knows what is best.”

Her father, commiserating her distress, said, “It is a dark valley, my dear; but it leads to regions of everlasting day.” “Dark, did you say, papa? It is not dark; it is light. How can it be dark when Jesus is in it?” The twenty-third Psalm was repeated, for her consolation; to which she listened with evident delight; and, referring to the fourth verse, she said, “What should I do now without his rod and his staff to comfort me?” Feeling drowsy, she asked whether it would be wrong to sleep with death so

near. And on being told to welcome sleep as a blessing from the Lord, she said, "But what, if my Lord should come? I wish to have all my powers awake when the message arrives."

A female friend, who had come to comfort and assist the family in their time of need, engaged in prayer; and, while pleading that God would make his strength perfect in our Mary's weakness, said, "Lord, remember she is but a child," &c. When she ceased, Mary, raising her eyes to heaven, in a soft, plaintive, earnest voice, prayed, "Lord Jesus, *I am* but a *little child*—only sixteen. Cast me not out of thy arms. Lay no more on than thou dost give me strength to bear. Temper the wind to the shorn lamb. I wait thy coming. Was it ever heard that the Bridegroom refused to receive his ready bride? Come quickly, Lord Jesus! come quickly! Thou wilt! yes; thou wilt!" While she uttered these words, her countenance beamed with unearthly devotion. Had her glorious Lord been present to her view, the dignified solemnity of her manner could scarcely have been greater. As her sufferings increased, so did the vigour of her intellect; and as her strength decayed, her spirit was adorned with the beauties of holiness. Her self-control, her calm confidence, her glowing gratitude, her wakeful solicitude for the comfort of others, and her resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, filled us with grateful astonishment. We felt as



if we had not fully known our child till now, that she was about to drop the mantle of mortality. One present said,—

“The fiercer the blast, the sooner ’t is past!”

Mary replied, “It is not a blast; but men may call it so. God is all in all—all in all. The angels who are to carry me to heaven are here; and Jesus is here. O, I am happy! I was happy before; but I have got a *new feeling*. I am so happy!” Then elevating her voice, “Lord Jesus, a little quicker—if it so please thee, a little quicker! But I have waited; and I will wait thy time. Jesus! Jesus! my Jesus!”

We felt ourselves at this moment “quite on the verge of heaven.” As she approached the eternal world, it seemed as if her immortal spirit, scorning the restraints of matter, looked through the veil, held converse with waiting angels, and caught a glimpse of the glory to be revealed. What the *new feeling* mentioned above was, we cannot tell; but to us it appeared as if, from that moment, her faith was in some sense changed into sight. Never did infidelity appear to us so criminal and so utterly contemptible, or Christianity so transcendently divine and glorious, as while we stood by the dying bed of our timid but triumphant Mary. We felt as if all the infidels in the world must have been convinced, had they only witnessed the impressive scene.

Her mother said, "Though you long for your Saviour's coming, you do not murmur at his delay." "O no! I cannot murmur. *Murmur!* It would be wicked to murmur, and I cannot be wicked. God, I know, does not lay any thing to my charge for desiring to depart. No; he lays nothing to my charge." She afterwards said, "My eyes are growing dim: look whether they be not *glazing!*" And after describing other symptoms of approaching dissolution, she whispered, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." Waking up from a short slumber, and seeing her father stooping over her, she said, in a cheerful, tender tone, "O papa, you have woke me: my mind was musing on heaven; but, no matter, it is easy to refix it." After a brief pause she said, "Two—three—Christiana—Mary;" being favoured, as we thought, with a sight of her sainted cousins, about whom she had so often conversed, and with whom she so ardently longed to be reunited. To the nurse who was called away she said, "Go; but do not forget to pray. Pray wherever you are." Feeling thirsty, she requested a little water might be given her; and, taking the glass in her own hand, she stretched out her arm, closed her eyes as if craving a blessing, and, after drinking a portion, returned it with expressions of thanks. She then said, "I am cold;" and, while making an effort to adjust a handkerchief which had been thrown over her shoulders, she

added, "I shall soon be clothed." Then bending forward and stretching her arms towards her father, she breathed out her spirit in the act of saying, "Going—going—go—go—" and thus tranquilly left us to gaze on her clay tabernacle, lovely even in death. In compliance with her dying request, we kneeled down, sorrowful, yet rejoicing; and, with bleeding, but not rebellious, hearts, said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

She was interred on Monday, May 2nd, at Cheetham-hill Cemetery; in the same grave with the remains of her maternal grandfather, the Rev. John Townsend, and one of her beloved cousins. Her death was improved on the following Sunday evening, in Oxford-road chapel, by the Rev. James Dixon, to the great benefit of a crowded and deeply-affected congregation.

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With tears, and in the midst of manifold interruptions, we have now fulfilled our painfully pleasing task. Our prayers have been answered, though in an unexpected sense; and our Mary has become, to use the words of one she loved, "her family's forerunner, and a 'first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.'" To the dear friends who have sympathized with us in our sorrow, we tender our most cordial and heart-felt thanks; and our ear-

nest prayer is, that this brief Memorial may prove a rich blessing to them and their families. Though we feel an inexpressible solitariness of spirit which no society or scenery has hitherto been able to dissipate, we do not murmur : on the contrary, we adore the grace of our covenant God ; and, feeling his sustaining power, we kiss his rod, being fully assured that the dispensation which bereaved us, raised her to "glory, and honour, and immortality, and eternal life." "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

THE END.

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